

RIDE ON THE WHEEL

Grand Rapids Ladies Who Delight to Mount

ON THE GRACEFUL BICYCLE

The Local Club and Its Members—Cycling Notes—Mrs. Lee Grants an Interesting Interview on 'Cycling.'

Five years ago the woman who rode bicycle through the streets of Grand Rapids was deemed drifting surely and irretrievably toward the doctrines of Mary Walker and others of erratic and unfeminine tendencies. But it isn't so now. Lovely and demure "gyers," their dignified and austere mamas, chaste maidens whose years have borne them well along the road of life, now ride the wheel and no longer does a capacious and pockmarked society shrug its shoulders or lift its eyebrows as the ladies glide down Jefferson avenue and even into the busy marts of trade along Monroe and Canal streets. It isn't "haughty" to ride the safety any more, nor is the gentle rider deemed bold or mannish. There was a time when the fair cyclists were objects of very undesirable attention from pedestrians but now the fact is encouraged and sanctioned as a beautiful and refined. Grand Rapids has more woman riders than any other city of its size in the country. Nearly six years ago Mrs. A. B. Richmond and Mrs. Moore owned tricycles, but it was not until 1889 that Mrs. Ralph Hain had the courage to mount a safety and make it popular among the ladies.

The fact is that the ladies stand the longer trips quite as well as do the men, Mrs. L. S. Provin being among those who show quite phenomenal endurance.

Easier for the Women.

'Cycling is said to be easier for women than men. The ladies who have identified themselves with the Grand Rapids Bicycle club are all of the younger set and make a very charming addition to the organization. The only requirement is that they first join the National League of American Wheelmen, and that they be 18 years of age. They were admitted to membership one year ago under the new rule, which makes them active members, but exempt from dues. Formerly they could become members under the same conditions as the men, and were required to pay dues. The ladies of the club now number twenty-one and are:

Mesdames—
B. S. Hunt, H. W. Stebbins,
Frank Lee, John Taylor,
A. B. Richmond, W. B. Hain,
F. H. Escott, W. C. Folger,
F. C. Heath, H. H. Chamberlin,
David Miller, L. S. Provin,
F. G. Stone of Lowell.

Misses—
Corra Stebbins, Daisy Thompson,
Clara Richmond, Cora Gregory,
Nora Gregory, Emma Koonen,
Ella Thompson, Kate Erickson,
Libby Turner, Alice McQuillan,
Phoebe Parks, Zoe Richmond,
— Curtis.

Have All the Privileges.

The ladies have all the privileges of the club rooms and their Thursday night pedro parties have added another to the pleasant social features of the club. Six of the runs this summer will be under the patronage of the ladies. The costumes decided upon by a majority of the feminine riders will consist of a black plain skirt reaching to the shoe tops, black caps with small visor. Mrs. and Miss Stebbins' cycling costumes, which they wore for the first time last week, are very serviceable and attractive. The color is a non-dirt-showing shade of grey with skirt coming to the shoe tops, close fitting grey waist and small grey cap with visor. Mrs. Stebbins will ride a Telegram-Bolt tire wheel this summer. The tires are similar to the pneumatic. Mesdames Taylor and Lee are the only ladies now owning pneumatics, and the latter is talking of getting a pneumatic ramble. Mrs. Richmond is one of the most enthusiastic cyclists in the city. Her daughter, Mrs. Provin's unfortunate accident has precluded her riding for some time, though she is a most ardent devotee of wheeling, and during the summer of 1890 made the famous Smith's cycling tour of over 300 miles, between Detroit and Niagara. Mrs. Taylor is not riding this spring, as she is just convalescing from an attack of typhoid fever, but hopes to be on her wheel again soon. Mrs. Wm. Melville is another enthusiast. She rode a tandem safety last summer with her husband. The Misses Gregory are riding this spring. It is their first season. Mrs. Taylor has recently been examining the latest and most approved patterns in ladies' wheels, but as yet nobody knows why or for whom.

An effort is to be made by the gentlemen of the club to obtain a complete and handsome mounted collection of the pictures of the club's lady members.

Mrs. Lee's Opinions.
Of all the ladies of Grand Rapids who are interested in athletics there is none more competent to speak on the subject of 'cycling' than Mrs. Frank Lee. Mrs. Lee took up the idea about three years ago and is now riding a Featherstone make, but considers the pneumatic ramble the most desirable machine.

"I consider cycling of great benefit to women," said Mrs. Lee to a reporter for THE HERALD, "and I hate to hear the public critics so sweeping as to say sometimes do. But women cannot ride if the paved streets are denied them, for the side streets are almost impassable even for the men. I think the pneumatic is the only machine for a woman to use. They are very much easier, especially in crossing street car tracks and cross walks, and after one becomes used to them they are not difficult to manage."

"What effect has riding on the health?"
"Well the only thing to avoid is over-riding and that is a thing which few will be apt to do, though one or two of the ladies have erred in this respect. Any woman who bowls or cycles must expect to get bruised once in awhile, but it is seldom that the injuries prove serious."

"How long does it take a woman to learn to ride?"

"Mounting can be learned in two lessons of three-quarters of an hour each. A man can learn in an hour or less, but we have to mount standing still, which is, of course, more difficult, and our skirts hamper us a good deal."

"This brings me to the matter of dress, and I have some pronounced ideas on that subject. An ordinary street dress impedes one's progress to a very annoying extent. Many riders are extremely careless in the matter of dress. My idea is that we should aim to look as well on the wheel as any-

where else. Black, I think, looks best. To be sure gray will not show dust, but it does show grease dreadfully, and that won't be off like dust. To insure comfort and ease, the skirt should be shorter than ordinary, coming to the shoe tops, say, and at least three yards in width, which will make it loose enough to fall on each side of the saddle. The folds should be mostly in the back. The edge of the skirt should be bound with some stiff, heavy material, such as alligator skin, which prevents it from coming with grease and keeps it from ripping or becoming entangled in the running of the machine. As is done among the riders, is a good plan, as it makes the skirt fall gracefully on each side of the saddle and keeps it from blowing."

"What of the divided skirt?"
"It is an excellent thing if properly made, and it only needs the example of some courageous woman to make it the thing with all the ladies of the club. I confess I haven't the requisite courage. But as a matter of fact if the divided skirt is properly made it will not look one bit different from the ordinary skirt."

Corsets Are Not Disagreeable.

"Corsets? They are all right in 'cycling' if the wearer is naturally healthy, and I never found them disagreeable or hurtful in riding, though one of our prominent members says that she credits her good health to the fact that she never wears them. As to waists I prefer a plain tight-fitting one, as it is trimmer in appearance and more convenient. Some of the ladies prefer a blouse as being cooler and easier. Shoes should be at least three inches higher than ordinary, and plain and black. Here, too, I meet opponents, for some of the ladies prefer Oxford ties supplemented by garters. Gaiter gloves, either tan or black, and a close-fitting cap made from the same material as the dress, and to be worn except in the very hot sun, complete this, what I consider, very chic and dainty costume and withal a serviceable one. One last point and I think I have done. The rider should be careful to so arrange the handle bars and saddle that they will appear, when propelling the wheel, to be walking. With the saddle and bars high her position is erect and graceful, and riding is far easier. When they are low the form is bent and wheeling difficult."

THE WAIF OF WOUNDED KNEE.

Lack of an Indian Baby Picked Up on the Battlefield.

The public is familiar with the newspaper accounts of the battle of Wounded Knee, which took place during the Indian troubles at Pine Ridge agency in the winter of 1891.

But the incidents connected with the finding of the Indian girl baby on the breast of its dead mother four days later are perhaps not so well known.

After the battle there lay on the field 100 warriors and twenty women and children. Of the troops, twenty-nine were killed and thirty-eight wounded. On the afternoon of the fourth day succeeding the contest there was found, fast bound by a strap to its lifeless mother and partly covered with snow, a live Indian baby girl.

The child, which is supposed to belong to the tribe of Uncpapas, was only slightly frozen about the head, hands and feet. She was taken to the agency by the direction of General L. V. Colby, commander of the Nebraska state troops, and kept until the hostilities ended and the state and federal troops returned to their stations.

General Colby then took the little waif to his home at Beatrice, Neb., where he and his wife adopted her as their own. The Indian woman who had charge of her at the agency gave her the musical Indian name of Zintka Launni, which means Lost Bird.

The dusky maid has fallen into good hands. General and Mrs. Colby have no children of their own, and Zintka Launni must rely on the storkism of her race to save her from being spoiled by the homage she receives. She is at present with her foster parents in Washington, where Mrs. Colby goes every winter to issue THE WOMAN'S TRIBUNE.

A Remarkable Book.
The most wonderful book in the world, perhaps, is "The Passion of Christ." It is the property of the French Prince Deligne, and is principally remarkable from the fact that it is neither written nor printed. It consists of alternate leaves of blue and white, and as the letters are cut out of the white pages, it conveys the impression of being printed with blue ink. The volume was a curiosity as long ago as 1460, and it is related that Rudolph II. of Germany, on one occasion offered 11,000 ducats for it, and even then did not succeed in obtaining possession. It is estimated that many years of labor of a particularly skilled artisan were expended on "The Passion of Christ," as the letters are all perfect and clean cut.

Working at High Altitudes.
The contractors on the mountain railways are experiencing great difficulty in getting laborers. The altitude of many of these roads is so great that, according to the celebrated French civil engineer, M. Charles Legrand, a long period of acclimatization is necessary before it is safe to undertake manual labor of any but the lightest description. The illness, which is the penalty of the most arduous work in the lead of the engineer, which sometimes develops in many.

Buy the best and purchase a new steam Quin. Meal granule stove, large stock at Vanderveen & Witman.

GIRLS ON THE BIKE

Howard Fielding Gives Points on a Popular Sport

PROSPECTS FOR THE FUTURE

The Boulevard Bicycle Club for Women Plans a Thirty-Mile Spin, and Advances Four Blocks.

Bicycling will take a leading place among the amusements for women in the coming spring and summer. I know that this is true because the New York agent of a bicycle manufacturing company told me. Moreover, the sight of a woman falling off a bicycle or leading it tenderly over rough places in the road is already by no means rare in certain parts of this city. We have become accustomed to it, and by and by we shall perhaps be tired to the spectacle she presents when actually riding on the machine. At present, however, it affords us.

I do not know just why a woman looks to be as broad as she is long when she is enjoying—or pretending to enjoy—this healthful and invigorating exercise. Probably it is a question of dress. So far as I can learn, the problem involved in the construction of a bicycle outfit is a very difficult one.

She took them off, and a little over her wasted charm and again set forth for the fifteen-mile spin. What happened afterward is involved in the mists of feminine imagination; but I think it must have been something like this. The cavalcade started, and had progressed for a distance of two blocks, when six of the women said in one voice: "Oh, dear! let's rest!" Those who didn't say it, but were fairly dying to do so, stopped so promptly that most of them fell off their machines. Some of these unfortunates lost heart and went home. Then one of the others declared:

gown has not been soiled. Perhaps it is insoluble. I know that my wife has put an amount of thought into it in the last two weeks that would have sufficed to tear the ultimate secret of the universe out of the heart of nature.

Maudie belongs to a bicycle club. It was originally a literary circle which degenerated into an amateur dramatic association, but that did not run smoothly, so they put it on wheels. It is hard work making any social organization a success in New York, at least among middle class people. We are of the middle class, so called because we stand between the comfortable resignation of the poor and the soul-destroying luxury of the rich, and wish we could have either, but we can't. Most middle class people live in flats, and some of them move out because they won't pay the rent, while the others are "fired out" because they can't, and thus we shift about so rapidly that we have little chance to get acquainted with one another even if we desired to do so.

It is true that one may set himself on terms of intimacy, so to speak, with all his fellow tenants in a large flat house by simply putting his head into a dumb-waiter shaft, and listening to the conversations which go on in the various apartments; but this practice is not calculated to stir up a desire for personal contact. So, as I have said, those nice little social organizations which give women a chance for such delightful quarreling, do not thrive here, as in less crowded communities. Nevertheless the Boulevard Bicycle club has lived almost a month.

The women of the club—and there are no men—have been learning to ride. They have visited regularly an establishment where a woman may hire a machine and a man to drag it around a hall, while she sits on top of it and screams. Having learned to do this in a manner satisfactory to themselves, the members of the club decided upon an outing. They were to ride along the banks of the beautiful Hudson for about fifteen miles, taken luncheon at a quiet hostelry and ride leisurely back in the cool of the afternoon.

When this plot was divulged to me I asked if they were not going to a little strong for beginners. I said if the club rode thirty miles in one day it would probably hold its meetings in some nice, quiet hospital for the remainder of the season. I suggested that it might be profitable for them to ride half a mile up the boulevard to Grant's tomb, and then sit down and realize

that her bicycle wouldn't work, so Maudie, who wished to show that she was a thorough mistress of the machine, exchanged with her.

The other woman rode Maudie's bicycle fifteen feet and then fell over and put her foot through one of the wheels. After that Maudie wouldn't trust her any longer with so valuable and delicate a piece of mechanism. So, remounting her own bicycle, my wife made a vigorous start. It was a down grade, and she gathered headway rapidly. But there was a broken wire in the wheel that had been stepped on and it caught in Maudie's dress. Her position at once became alarming. The wheel was spinning like a top, and the dress was whirling round and round, and woven into the spokes to such an extent that when the catastrophe came and Maudie found herself prostrate in the road it was nearly impossible to distinguish her fragments from those of the bicycle. The other women stood around her wringing their hands, and they would probably be there now, engaged in the same useful occupation, if a young man had not appeared with a large knife, by means of which he severed Maudie from the maze of spokes and other gear.

When she walked into our flat she was clothed almost entirely in streamers, and I learned that, on her way home, that dress had attracted even more attention than she had ventured to expect when she designed it.

Learning that, by good luck, she was entirely uninjured, I strove to make light of the occurrence, but this put her into a most unpleasant frame of mind. She could not see that there was anything to laugh at. She contrasted my behavior with that of the young man who had been her out of her difficulty in a manner most unfavorable to me. He was a hero and I was a brute. If I had any proper feeling of gratitude in my alleged soul I should go and thank this miracle of delicacy and efficiency. He was at that moment mending the bicycle on the sidewalk below. I borrowed a ten-dollar bill from Maudie and went down to thank this polished gentleman.

But he was not there. Neither was the bicycle. Like the janitor's boy, stood on the sidewalk, in a very unhappy frame of mind.

"Say," said he, "dat big tough's run off wid your machine, and we won't never see it no more."

That was where I touched the solid bed rock of fact; Maudie's hero and the wheel have gone beyond our ken, or that of the police.

Artistic House Decorations.
A. H. Fowle, the Iowa street dealer in art goods and house finishing and decorating materials, has brought out many unique and artistic things for interiors the spring that will far surpass anything heretofore shown in the city. The new things embrace many exquisite novelties not obtainable elsewhere. Ornamental room mouldings to match.

Beautiful Souvenirs of Grand Rapids.
C. A. Carstens, jeweler, of 44 Canal street, successor to E. B. Dickman, is offering an unique and beautiful article in the shape of a Grand Rapids souvenir spoon. The spoon is of fine coin silver, gold lined and elegantly designed. Mr. Carstens has greatly increased the stock in line of fine jewelry, watches, clocks, silverware and precious gems. Many old pieces of valuable jewelry are being offered very low.

complexion. This youth, his face plentifully decorated with court-plaster, held the bicycle for Maudie to mount, on the day of the club's contest. She rode me good-by in our flat because she didn't want me to come down to the sidewalk and show my anxiety for the welfare of her precious neck, in the presence of all the people. After she had gone, I betook me to my toilet, and had committed no more than two great thoughts to paper when the door opened and she entered.

"Now isn't this perfectly dreadful!" she said. "That stupid lie let go of my wheel before I was fairly started; and I just dropped right over in the muddest place on the boulevard. Of course it had to be just in that spot. The right side of this dress is ruined, and I'm late already. Oh, please, Howdy, brush all this mud off me, and don't let it take you one single minute."

I could not carry out the contract in the time allowed me, but I did my level best. Then she took another start, but in five minutes she was back again, and another member of the club was with her. They had met at the corner, and each had been so busy looking at the other's clothes that both had forgotten all about the responsibilities of a position on two wheels. They had taken simultaneous tumbles, and it was the left side of Maudie's dress that needed brushing this time. I performed that service to the best of my ability for her and for the other victim of unstable equilibrium; they shed some natural tears and then made another start.

This time Maudie got to the place of meeting, which was two blocks from our house, without mishap, but she returned speedily.

"It is no use, Howdy," said she, "I'll have to give up these shoes. They hurt me dreadfully. But isn't it just too bad. Shoes are so conspicuous when one is riding on a bicycle, and these are the very loveliest I ever had."

She took them off, and a little over her wasted charm and again set forth for the fifteen-mile spin. What happened afterward is involved in the mists of feminine imagination; but I think it must have been something like this. The cavalcade started, and had progressed for a distance of two blocks, when six of the women said in one voice: "Oh, dear! let's rest!" Those who didn't say it, but were fairly dying to do so, stopped so promptly that most of them fell off their machines. Some of these unfortunates lost heart and went home. Then one of the others declared:

The Chase Piano Company has recently removed the stock of sheet music from the Monroe street establishment in this city to the Muskegon store to make room for the additional display of pianos, which it is intended to make in the near future. It is the purpose of the firm to place a stock of instruments on sale at this place that shall be second to none in the state. The firm has brought to perfection their present high grade instrument, and demonstrated to a critical public its superiority over all competitors. This spring the styles of cases are superb in form and finish, and present some new and valuable improvements. The cases in French walnut, mahogany and ebony are all improved in decoration and in many of their prominent features. In their new form they are far ahead of competitors than ever before.

The Line of Lakes.

The above name has been applied to the Wisconsin Central line on account of the large number of lakes and summer resorts tributary to its lines. Among some of the well known summer resorts are Fox Lake, Ill., Lake Villa, Ill., Waukegan, Waukegan, Cedar Lake, Neenah, Waupun, Elkhart, Wisconsin, and Ashland, Wis. These lakes abound in numerous species of fish, such as black bass, rock bass, pickerel, pike, perch, muskallunge, and white perch, and an abundance of game, such as ducks, geese, quail, snipe, etc. In the grandeur of her scenery, the beauty of her rolling landscapes and the rare perfection of her summer climate, the state of Wisconsin is acknowledged to be without a peer in the union. Her fame as a refreshing retreat for the over-tired, careworn inhabitants of the great cities, during the midsummer months, has extended southward as far as the Gulf of Mexico and eastward to the Atlantic. Pamphlet giving valuable information can be obtained free upon application to A. A. Jack, D. P. A., Detroit, Mich., or James C. Ford, general passenger and ticket agent, Chicago, Ill.

Pirates of Penzance

Monday and Tuesday evenings.

To Consumers of Oil.
Owing to the fact of so much poor oil being sold under the brand of Headlight, we have thought best to put out a brand of Royal Headlight to Penzance. Ask your grocer for Palatine oil, and see that you get no other.

SCOFFIELD, THURMER & TRIGGS,
Sole Manufacturers.

Try A. & P. Baking Powder at 45c. Perfectly pure; full weight guaranteed. Great Atlantic & Pacific Tea Co. Telephone 880.

Try A. & P. Baking Powder at 45c. Perfectly pure; full weight guaranteed. Great Atlantic & Pacific Tea Co. Telephone 880.

Use Thea Nectar Tea, a pure Chinese tea at 60c per pound and a special present with each pound, 108 Monroe street. Great Atlantic & Pacific Tea Co.

P. S.—Use A. & P. Baking Powder. Telephone 880.

Lily White Flour
Is made from the choicest wheat.

Use Thea Nectar Tea, a pure Chinese tea at 60c per pound and a special present with each pound, 108 Monroe street. Great Atlantic & Pacific Tea Co.

P. S.—Use A. & P. Baking Powder. Telephone 880.

The Valley City Milling Company has no peer in the manufacture of flour. Try the LILY WHITE.

Pirates of Penzance
Monday and Tuesday evenings.

Ice
G. E. Lee and Coal company. Telephone 139.

ST. JACOB'S OIL
TRADE MARK
REMEDY FOR PAIN
CURE FOR RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, SCIATICA.

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MODERN MIRACLES

Dr. French in Hartman's Hall

Hundreds of Helpless Sufferers Cured of Their Infirmities—Arise and Walk.

REALING WITHOUT MEDICINE.

Arise and walk, and immediately be row, took up his bed, and went into his house. The people assembled in Hartman's hall yesterday were forcibly reminded of this passage in the holy scriptures. What power this man possesses, or by what means he performs such seemingly wonderful things, cannot probably be explained, but one cannot deny what he sees and hears every day in the hall, from 11 o'clock. A man went upon the stage who had been deaf ten years, and in three minutes, under the powerful touch of Dr. French, he was made to hear the softest whisper. An old lady, who was so lame she could not ascend the steps to the stage, was cured in a few minutes. She went leaping and waiting about with the doctor as though she was a girl again. A situation was created by the cure of a lady suffering from paralysis of the right arm. She had been unable to hold a pen for a long time to sign her name. The doctor manipulated the helpless arm and in a few minutes she was able to hold a pen and write her name. A lady who had been blind for many years, under the powerful touch of Dr. French, she was made to see the softest whisper. An old lady, who was so lame she could not ascend the steps to the stage, was cured in a few minutes. She went leaping and waiting about with the doctor as though she was a girl again. A situation was created by the cure of a lady suffering from paralysis of the right arm. She had been unable to hold a pen for a long time to sign her name. The doctor manipulated the helpless arm and in a few minutes she was able to hold a pen and write her name. A lady who had been blind for many years, under the powerful touch of Dr. French, she was made to see the softest whisper. An old lady, who was so lame she could not ascend the steps to the stage, was cured in a few minutes. She went leaping and waiting about with the doctor as though she was a girl again. 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